



# THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

## Quarterly Record

EDITED BY

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### INTRODUCTORY.



HE past three months have been notable chiefly for good work done in connection with what one might call the temporalities of the Mission. With the one or two exceptions mentioned in these pages, no new ground has been struck, no specially successful cast made of the Gospel net; but auxiliary societies have been fostered and founded,

and the interest in the work, already so widely felt by God's people, has been deepened and extended. Especially in America have we been cheered by warm sympathy eager to give itself practical expression. The deputation, of whose enthusiastic reception at Philadelphia we spoke in the last *Quarterly*, has now finished the task assigned to it, and has proved once more that the heart of America is as warm as her lands are broad. From Philadelphia, where some twenty-four meetings were held in ten days, the Rev. R. McAll and M. Saillens proceeded to Baltimore, where a strong auxiliary was at once formed; and thence to Washington, where they had a public reception, presided over by Judge Strong of the United States Supreme Court, and held twelve meetings in the churches. After a pleasant visit to the White House and to Mount Vernon, they turned their steps eastward again, giving another Sunday to Philadelphia, and three to New York and Brooklyn, resulting in the formation of a New York Auxiliary, under the presidency of Mrs. Dr. Parkhurst. Meanwhile, Mr. McAll had left on the 16th April, his place being taken by the editor of the *Quarterly*. A short visit to Princeton, where an address was given in Dr. Hensdale's church, was all the work put in outside of New York, and on the first of May the deputation found themselves in Boston, whose inhabitants certainly showed none of that coldness with which they are credited across the Atlantic. One pleasant day was spent at Wellesley College, that splendid monument of Christian benevolence; others at West Newton, Newton Centre, and with the little Scotch colony at Quincy, and finally, after yet another auxiliary had been founded, M. Saillens too turned eastward, and the deputation saw itself reduced to one. The remainder of the campaign was more rapid; Worcester, Springfield and Williamstown, in Massachusetts; Hartford and Newhaven, in Connecticut; Syracuse and Claverack, in New York; Detroit (Michigan), Cleveland (Ohio), and Champaign (Illinois), were all visited, and in Worcester, Springfield, and Hartford new auxiliaries were founded. Enough cannot be said of the kindness of friends who gave us hospitality, welcomed us to their churches, canvassed the cities for us, and seemed to consider no effort too great to be put forth on behalf of France and her representatives. Among the many we cannot but mention Professor Elie Charlier of New York, the Gaius of the

former deputation as well as of this, and A. L. Rand, Esq., of Boston, whose firm take the credit of the beautiful printing of the American editions of our report, &c. But above all, it is to the unwearied industry and disinterested zeal of the American secretary of the deputation, the Rev. Martin Luther Berger, that we owe our success, and the comfort we experienced throughout the whole campaign. Unremitting in his efforts for the good of the work, cautious and economical in his planning, sparing neither time nor trouble in the midst of domestic affliction which would have prostrated most men, "Tyrannus," as we laughingly called him, more than justified the high opinion our friends had of him when they asked him to assume these onerous duties. It is unnecessary to add the names of Mrs. Chase, Miss Lea, or Dr. Chamberlain; their merits have long ago passed the powers of the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission of expressing thankfulness in words. And yet one other, had she been able, would have proved once more her devotion to the work to which she gave her life. Not one step that we took but was watched eagerly by Miss Beach from her sick-bed in Jamaica Plain, and no more fervent prayers knocked at the door of heaven than hers whose voice first stirred America's daughters to those deeds of sustained generosity which have left their traces up and down throughout the whole of France. A visit to a sick-room is often sorrowful, but sadness seems a word that cannot be uttered by Miss Beach's bedside, nor does she seem to know how to forget even one of her old pupils or fellow-workers. Should the hopes the doctors are once more permitting us to entertain be justified, and should we, "after many days," once more welcome our friend back to Paris, we shall find her not one whit behind the very foremost leaders of the Mission in knowledge of its needs and fecundity of resource.

Of Home Auxiliaries also we have good news. In the beginning of April the founder of the Mission, accompanied by Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>All and the Rev. W. W. Newell, jun., visited London in order to hold a series of drawing-room and lecture-room meetings in aid of the Mission. The arrangements were made by the members of the Auxiliary Committee, and especially by Mr. Donald Matheson, its president. Friends were most kind in opening their drawing-rooms for the purpose, and a deep interest in the work was manifested throughout. The pecuniary results were very satisfactory.

In Aberdeen also, on 21st May, a very influential meeting was held, with Mr. R. Lumsden in the chair, at which valuable testimony to the nature and extent of the work done in France was given by the Rev. Duncan Campbell, whose residence in Paris, and personal knowledge of the work done there, qualified him to speak with authority. At the close of the meeting a large Committee was appointed, of which John Edmond, Esq., is Secretary and Treasurer. We understand that in accordance with a resolution passed at this meeting, the ladies of Aberdeen have already begun the work of collecting.

Dumfries, too, was visited in the end of March by the Rev. W. W. Newell, jun., and the Auxiliary there is taking active measures for securing contributions.

A very welcome addition to our *matériel* comes from Perth, where Miss Macnaughton and some other friends have most kindly furnished the means to provide for the Mission a good Magic-lantern with Scriptural and instructive slides, which will be of great use in the meetings.

M. E. Borel writes from Nice to the *Feuille Populaire de Marseille*, that he has opened a meeting in Villefranche a little town of 3000 inhabitants, on the eastern slope of Mont Boron, about three and a-half miles from Nice. He has hired a hall here for a month, and intends to hold an adult meeting on Monday, and one for children on Thursday.

A sadder task, though no less incumbent on the Mission chronicler, is that of recording the sudden death of Pasteur Oscar Vallette, in his 39th year, after three days' illness. Though but little known yet outside the French Lutheran Church to which he belonged, his influence was becoming more felt year after year, while those who knew him intimately looked up to him as one of the future leaders of French Protestantism. For several years he had been the conductor of the adult Bible class in our Grenelle Mission station, where his devoted labours had been blessed in leading many to decision, and into the fellowship of the Church. The directors of the Mission have made a contribution to the fund for the benefit of his widow and seven fatherless children.

The Rev. C. Blackburn has, to our sorrow, been obliged to retire to Mauritius, through the need of a milder climate. His place on our staff is taken by Mr. S. Brown, the well-known missionary to the French in London, who reached Paris with

his family in the end of May. This month we hope also to welcome definitely among us M. Saillens and his family, from Marseilles. Nor can we omit to mention the marriage of our well-trying friends M. Julius Saintou and Mlle. Sara Arbousset, who are at present visiting St. Etienne, but who cannot fail to spend some time at least each year with us in Paris.



### Our "May Meetings."

Among other features of our work in Paris have been three recent gatherings, each possessing a special interest. The first of these was the annual gathering of the directors and teachers of our Sunday schools and children's meetings, together with many of the other Mission workers, which took place in our little garden at Auteuil on Whit-Monday afternoon. We were favoured with an exceptionally bright and beautiful day, and the newly developed foliage formed a welcome shade. More than two hundred of these workers and friends were present, and among them pastors of the Reformed, Lutheran, Free, and Wesleyan Churches. After a simple refreshment had been partaken of, we addressed some words of welcome, which were followed up by pastors and others, all of whom were evidently impressed with the spectacle of so numerous and evidently zealous and sympathetic a band of workers united in Paris for such a purpose. The Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard, the new pastor of the American chapel, Rue de Berri, was presented to the meeting. Most touching references were made to the late Rev. G. T. Dodds, who had taken part in the last similar celebration, and to Madame St. Hilaire; and messages of affectionate remembrance were voted by the assembly to be sent to Mrs. Dodds and to Professor St. Hilaire. The absence of the Rev. C. E. Greig in America was universally regretted. On the proposition of his provisional substitute, M. Arthur de Rougemont, the greetings of all were sent to him across the Atlantic. At the close of the afternoon we were thankful to feel that it had been fitted to draw closer the ties of Christian confidence and affection among our fellow-workers.

The second special gathering was of quite a different character. It was held in the *Salle Lévis*, the most favourite and renowned meeting-place of the atheists of Paris. In that



large hall, some months ago, the leader of the Materialistic party invited a certain number of the best-known defenders of Christianity to meet them for debate. The scene was exciting and tumultuous, yet it was felt that the advocates of truth had been enabled to advance arguments which their opponents could not successfully resist. Hence arose the idea of attempting in this same hall, the very fortress and citadel of the enemy, the direct advocacy of Christianity. We accordingly hired it for 24th May, Messrs. de Pressensé and Frank Piaux being the speakers. A large company assembled, seven or eight hundred, mostly men. The effort was to show that the Gospel of Christ is in harmony with true liberty and progress. There were a few murmurs, but loud and repeated plaudits. Our friends felt, with thankfulness and even wonder, that the way had been prepared for a campaign in favour of the Gospel on this very spot, which we trust (D.V.), to carry out in the coming autumn.

The third gathering, on Monday last, 28th May, was singularly cheering and animating. It took place in the fine ancient Protestant Church of the Oratoire, and was attended by 1200 persons or more, many hundreds being attendants from our existing mission-rooms. The occasion was the return of M. Saillens from his American visit, in which the Rev. R. McAll of Bristol, and the Rev. C. E. Greig were his companions. Pastor Bersier presided, and M. Saillens gave a most interesting and enthusiastic account of the reception of the delegates, and of the response to their appeal. He described the foundation of the American National McAll Association, coupling with it the names of Mrs. Mariné J. Chase, Mrs. Ex-President Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, widow of the late General, and others. He described the cordial welcome given to them at White House by President Arthur. The Rev. R. W. McAll sketched what America had hitherto done for the work, paying a warm tribute to the devotion of Miss Elizabeth Beach. The following resolutions were adopted on the proposition of Pastor Theodore Monod, seconded by M. Eugène Réveillaud (translation): "The directors, workers, and friends of the *Mission Populaire Evangélique de France*; assembled in the Oratoire, Paris, on occasion of M. Saillens's return, desire to express their deep gratitude to the Christians of the United States, for the warm and generous welcome accorded to the

members of the delegation sent into America by the Mission." The Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard was then presented to the assembly, and spoke powerfully of the deep interest taken by his fellow-countrymen in the evangelisation of France. French hymns, renderings from "Sacred Songs and Solos," were sung by the whole congregation.

R. W. McALL.

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Notes from the Little Stations.

[Paradoxical though the statement may seem, it is always more difficult in Paris to fill a small room than a large one. The following extracts therefore from a letter recently received from one of our zealous Paris evangelists will interest doubtless all our readers.]

I am not one of those who fail to see great cause of encouragement in the work in which we have the honour and privilege of sharing. On my way, some days ago, to a meeting, a tramway-conductor, to whom I had given a New Testament, ran up to me, and seizing my two hands in his said, "Thanks, sir, for the little book which you gave me some time ago; when I have a leisure moment I *devour* it. There is the truth, there is what we need, there is the history of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." As I left this man so truly thankful, I said to myself, "That testament came from the office of the Mission; ah yes, Mr. McAll will find in Heaven many converts whom he never knew on earth."

The meeting of the Rue de la Comète continues to be fairly well attended, but what specially pleases me here is the little nucleus of regular attendants, numbering twenty-five or thirty, who all profess to have found good in the preaching of the Gospel, and who certainly show great thankfulness for what they have received. Besides this encouragement, we have also had some truly remarkable cases of conversion, answers, many of them, to our prayers. Last year, for instance, a poor woman who had been abandoned by her husband, not knowing in her distress where to turn, but guided doubtless by Him who was watching over her, came to our hall. Her mind was enlightened, her heart humbled, and she sought help of Him who has said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee,

and thou shalt glorify Me." She speedily found the peace and comfort of which her soul had need, and since then she has never missed one of the meetings, for I believe her to be one of those who are faithfully, and with firm heart, attached to the Lord.

Another interesting case is that of M. T., of Nancy, a young man employed in a *magasin de nouveautés*. He was passing in the street, as he told us himself, and entered our hall mechanically to see what we were doing. There he was struck by the strong arrows of the Word of God, and although he had already left the meeting, which had just finished, he was constrained to return, and addressing himself to me, said with tears: "Sir, you were speaking this evening of the miracles of Jesus Christ; and I believe that in truth you have just performed one upon me." He then added: "It is about eight months since I left my good Christian mother, in spite of her entreaties, to come to Paris and do as so many other young men do, but this evening you have shown me that I was deceiving myself. Tell me, please, what I must do to be saved." After the way of salvation had been explained to him, we prayed together, and the following Tuesday he came to see me at my house, and told me that he was happy, and determined to live for the Lord, consecrating his life to Him entirely. "Oh, how glad will my mother be to hear of my change of heart and purpose!" I have seen him since at the meeting several times, and he has always seemed to me sincere and determined to persevere in the good way. He is surrounded with strong and numerous temptations, and asks for the prayers of all those who are interested in the salvation of souls. Will you pray for him?

Dear Sir, I am happy to be able to add to these few facts, that I never take part in any meeting without finding some cause for encouragement and thankfulness. The La Chapelle meeting, for instance, is making progress, and recently we have had the hall almost filled on the Wednesday evenings. The little meeting of the Rue de Meaux is beginning to increase also, so that we have lately counted there as many as forty-two persons. I hope this increase will continue, so that we shall have to use the big room again.—Very truly yours

C. B.

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### Experiences in Parisian Hospitals.

Our English "Flower Mission" having always seemed to me one of the most charming and poetical forms of Christian work, I thought I could not do better than to reproduce it in a very humble way in Paris. Accordingly, one memorable morning I arranged as many fascinating little bouquets as a good-sized travelling-bag would contain, attaching one of Mrs. Grimké's illuminated texts to each. It being Thursday, the visiting day, I started in canonical hours for one of the largest hospitals, feeling sure that an enthusiastic reception awaited me.

On arriving at the gate, I was dismayed to find that bags were not admitted, so I was forced to empty mine of its fragrant contents amidst a gaping crowd of officials, who assailed me with questions. "What was I going to do with all these flowers?" "Was I going to sell them in the wards?" "No! Then were they all for one patient?" On hearing that they were to be given away, I had several applicants, amongst them an imposing-looking beadle, who, on reading his text, beckoned me aside, and said confidentially: "You know I believe in these things; most don't, but I do." The air of mystery which he assumed in assuring me that he was not an utter infidel spoke volumes for the atmosphere by which he was surrounded.

But a serious question now presented itself—How was I to carry all my flowers? It was most embarrassing, but, upheld by a high sense of virtue, I disposed of them as best I might, and entered the first ward I came to. There my bouquets received as warm a welcome from the sick men as I had ever dared to hope. Many a wan, white face lit up with pleasure as the faint odour recalled the country home and the childish days. I could not distribute quickly enough. From every bed came the cry, "Et moi, Madame!" "et moi!" I went from side to side of the ward doing Lady Bountiful with that pleased-with-oneself air which one has when one feels particularly virtuous, and is convinced that there can be no difference of opinion on the subject! When I came to the end of my stock my eager applicants good-humouredly changed their demand into—"It will be my turn next," "You won't forget me next time;" in which I gladly acquiesced, little thinking

that there was to be no "next time." As I was passing out, my attention was arrested by one of the patients who was pressing his flowers to his lips with a soft tender look on his face; as I stopped to speak to him he exclaimed, "Ah, these make me live again (*ça fait revivre*); I have been eighteen months here in bed without seeing any." After a few words of sympathy, I asked, "Would you like me to read to you a little?" "That I should." I placed myself between two beds, with my back to the ward, so as to be heard by him and his neighbour, who had also expressed a wish to listen. Suddenly the countenances of my two auditors changed in so extraordinary a manner that instinctively I turned round and faced a small but evidently important personage, wearing a decoration, and clearly one in authority. He was very red in the face, having been evidently sent for in hot haste to deal with an unheard of emergency, and was so bristling with importance and indignation that I was irresistibly reminded of a little bantam cock whose dignity has been insulted.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. "Is it *you*, Madame (that was poor me), that has presumed to give your little heretical papers here? Do you not know that our own aumôniers are not permitted to go from bed to bed, and do you suppose that I will suffer a PROTESTANT to do so!" Then—to a garçon de salle—"Take away all these things," catching up a bouquet and crushing the text in his hand. "Oh," I remonstrated, "please leave the flowers, they can do no harm." "No, take them all," he roared to the man, "do not leave one." Then, turning again to me—"And if you do not go at once I will send for the police to put you out." This was a remarkably gratuitous insult, for naturally I was preparing to depart as quickly as possible. So I suggested quietly, "Pray, remember that you are a gentleman and that you are speaking to a lady. "*Je me souviens que je suis le directeur*," was the lofty response, given with a pomposity which words fail to convey. And thus ended my first experience in a Paris hospital! The contrast between my entrée and my exit would have made a subject for a painter. Shortly after, a friend, herself a properly authorised visitor to the Protestants, asked me with horror, "Did I know! had I heard! could I conceive! some one had given texts to all the Catholics in a salle in the — Hospital!" My friend, the beadle, advised my

applying to the Administration for permission to visit, but I was leaving "a sadder and a wiser" woman. I waited next time till I was sent for.

I had not long to wait; one of the women of our mother's meeting begged me to visit her husband, who was ill at the Hospital Necker. I went at once, but from some mistake in the number, I did not succeed in finding him. Among the patients who assisted my researches, by giving all manner of bewildering information, was one who attracted me much. He had a most intelligent face, but so thin and pale that it made one sad to see, and he could not speak above a whisper. So I basely abandoned the search for the missing spouse, and bestowed on my new friend the various little douceurs intended for the other. He had been nine months in hospital, and having no friends in Paris to visit him, he welcomed very warmly my offer to do so; and through the whole of the following winter I rarely missed going twice a-week. In a quiet way I managed to make many other acquaintances in the ward; the constantly changing patient in the adjoining bed was such, *ex officio*, so to speak. Any desolate individuals with few visitors received me most gladly, and soon *L'Ami de la Maison* and our attractive little tracts became well-known and most popular, and thus a large number came under the influence of the Gospel, and that at a time when the heart is more prepared to receive religious impressions than during the busy whirl of active life, and when at least there is *time* to think. There were several of whom I have hopes that they really received the truth, but having lost sight of them I cannot speak with certainty. But of Gérardin, thank God, I can. He listened eagerly from the first to the good news of salvation, and for some time was evidently "not far from the kingdom of God." But there seemed a danger of his letting matters train without taking the decisive step which should admit him into the family, so one sought earnestly to impress on him the necessity of decision. One day in particular I had done this. Next time I went I noticed his face very bright, and after a few moments' conversation he said timidly, "I should like to tell you something, but I do not dare." "Dites toujours." "I did what you told me last time—I confessed everything." I shivered with horror; had all my teaching and my prayers ended *there*—at sending him to seek a false peace

through man's absolution? "To whom?" I asked tremblingly. His answer reproved my unbelief. Looking at me with astonished eyes—" *Mais à Dieu!* je lui ai tout dit, mais tout, mais tout, and then—" "And then?" "I told him I knew Jesus had died for me, and I asked Him to forgive all for His sake." "Do you think He did it?" "Yes, I think He did, for all the next day, it was Sunday, I was beside myself with joy (*fou de joie*), and it was all *here*," putting his hand on his heart, "all *inside of me*." He made rapid progress after that, fairly devouring every devotional book I gave him, but taking his chief delight in his New Testament. He used to say to me with the greatest enthusiasm, "You have not the least idea of the beautiful things I find here, you can't think all there is; now look here and here," pointing to texts he marked,—and his delight reached its climax when he discovered the 15th chapter of St. John. "There," he exclaimed triumphantly, "have you ever seen *that*." He took great interest in the spiritual welfare of the occupant of the next bed. I will explain it all to him afterwards," he would tell me confidentially. We kept sight of him for nearly two years, during which he was sent from hospital to hospital, sometimes leaving for a short time, and then obliged to re-enter, but keeping his confidence firm unto the end, until wanderings and sufferings ended in the Father's home above.

A. D. J.

(*To be continued.*)

### An Awakened Conscience.

[The following extracts from a letter of Pastor Duchemin, director of our Branch Mission at Lyons, dated 12th March of this year, exhibit strikingly the working of the Spirit in awakening a conscience completely dormant before, and the blessing which attends a faithful and thorough presentation of sin and the Saviour before those previously in complete ignorance of spiritual things. The latest intelligence received from M. Duchemin respecting this workman and his family is most encouraging.]

In the mission room of La Guillotière, a most populous and spiritually destitute district of the town, I had often noticed a well dressed and evidently respectable workman, with his wife

and two children. He always took his place immediately in front of me, and fixed his eye on the speaker with a wonderful intensity. A few weeks ago, he came up to me at the close of a meeting and said, "I have come to say adieu."

"Oh, you are going away?"

"No, sir; but you see me here to-night for the last time."

"On what account?"

"I came here to get good, and I get only misery."

"Misery! but how?"

"Yes; before I began to attend I was calm, but what I hear troubles me. I see my sin, which becomes black, black, which mounts, mounts, and chokes me."

These were his very words. They took me by surprise; I was moved, and under the impulse of the emotion, I threw my arms round him.

"Oh, my friend," I cried, "return! do you not perceive that it is God who is speaking to you? Listen to Him, instead of withstanding Him and hardening your heart against Him. Do you not know that Jesus Christ is come to heal those who feel themselves sick, to save those who feel themselves lost? Soon you will know Him better, and He will give you His peace. Promise me to return."

He promised; I could not then urge him further. The true sense of sin is so rare in our poor country that it is necessary to guard against any adverse breath that might quench the spark. The Holy Spirit was working in this soul, and I felt I must for the time leave it with Him, persuaded that He would, in His own time, open the man's eyes to see the infinite mercy of God. Meanwhile, I bore him on my heart in prayer.

A fortnight after, I again visited that station, and this man sat before me, his eye fixed on me like a gimlet ready to run me through. I spoke of the first and second Adam,—of the position of each hearer, through the first Adam, as in a state of suffering, wretchedness and sin; and of the heritage of a new humanity in the second Adam through the Spirit, reconciled, received in grace, new created by Him, prepared for new obedience, believing, hoping, living, finding even in suffering the token of Fatherly love; and I closed by the line of one of our hymns—

"The tempest itself will guide us into port."



I was greatly moved, as was the entire assembly. I felt that what I was saying for one of my hearers, went home to and impressed them all. The instant the meeting was over, the man came to me, took both my hands (very expressive in France—often done by a new convert when first greeting those who helped him to find the Saviour), and said, “I have understood to-night what I never understood before, that Jesus Christ *is a Saviour*. Hitherto that was for me only a word, a form of speech ; now I *see Him as such*.” I said, “You need to go one step further ; do you understand that He is *your* Saviour ?” He reflected a moment, then said, “Not yet.” “Then ask of Him to make you understand that also.”

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“After many Days.”

It is now some months since a respectable man, whom I had always seen at the meetings, and whom I supposed was a Protestant, came to me, and asked me if I could give him an audience, as he was desirous of making a communication. We appointed to meet at my house the following week, when he began by saying—“I would be glad if you would allow me to give you an outline of my history.” I replied I was entirely at his disposal, and would be happy to hear whatever statement he had to make, and equally happy to answer any questions he might wish to put to me. His statement was substantially as follows :—

“I am by birth a Belgian, born of Roman Catholic parents, and was left an orphan at the early age of three years, the youngest of several children. I was taken and cared for by an uncle, whose wife was sister to the Bishop of B——. It was the wish of my relatives that I should become a ‘clerc’ or priest, and consequently I was sent to school with that object in view ; arriving, however, at a given age, I elected to leave the school, and chose to learn a trade, for I had not the slightest wish to become an ecclesiastic. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, having a few hundred francs at command—the residue of my share of my father’s estate—I resolved to travel in order to perfect myself in my business. Before leaving my native town I had become acquainted with a young woman to whom I became engaged ; for some years we corresponded, and

then, at her request, we married. Too late, alas ! I discovered that I had made a sad and terrible mistake, for in addition to the fact that our tastes and tempers were totally different, a few weeks sufficed to show me that *I had been heartlessly and shamefully deceived.* . . . As soon as I made this discovery, I left my home, and have never returned to it. My friends approved the steps I had taken in leaving her who bears my name. I then came to Roubaix, where I remained till after the war 1870-71, when I went to Paris for a few years. While in the capital I was one day sent by my employer to the residence of a gentleman in the suburbs of Paris, to do some fitting work which occupied me a couple of days. While there, the gentleman, whom I believe to have been a minister, spoke to me of God, and gave me a little book, which I still have and which I sometimes read. *The result of that conversation was that a ray of Divine light entered my soul, and the first idea I had of spiritual religion came to me then.* Some time after this my former employer at Roubaix wrote me asking me to return, which I did, and have remained in his employ ever since. For years I have lived as other men of my class live,—viz., attending to my business in the week, and on Sundays seeking pleasure and amusement.

“ Early in 1881, Monsieur Fourneau came to deliver a course of lectures in the north ; I saw the posters, and resolved to attend one of the lectures which was to be delivered in the Protestant Church. I had never before entered a Protestant place of worship, and I did it then with some measure of trepidation. It was announced at that meeting that ‘réunions populaires’ were being held in another part of the town ; I resolved to go, and have attended them regularly ever since. Gradually, and little by little that ray of light has increased ; slowly and little by little I have learnt to understand the difference between error and truth ; one after another my prejudices of education and early training have gone, driven back by the truths of the Gospel which I have heard at the ‘réunion.’ My sisters are ‘religieuses.’ I have written to one of them, and told her of my change of mind and desires ; she has replied, and has written me a most encouraging letter.”

I was naturally anxious to know more of his spiritual state. I wished to know if his was head conversion or heart conversion ; and as he had, while speaking, made a remark contrasting the

teaching of Rome on the subject of man's salvation with the teaching of the Gospel, I took up the same subject, and put before him in simple language God's way of salvation—faith in Christ, not works; Christ the Saviour, not the Church—concluding my remarks by asking him to tell me just what he thought of what I had said, and how he felt in the presence of God's truth. His reply both moved and comforted me; he said, "Oh, sir! words like those bring peace within," a proof to me, at least, that he had faith.

It occurred to me that the servant of God, whoever he may be, who more than ten years since said a word in the Lord's name to this dear man, was like those who "cast their bread upon the waters." It is more than probable he may never know, this side the grave at least, that it has been found "after many days." God, however, knows it, and will not forget it.

I find I must leave out various details which I would like to have written, but I know that space is limited in the *Quarterly*, hence I forbear. I am happy to be able to say that our good friend is walking consistently, and honouring his profession. He is most regular in his attendance at all our meetings—I have known him to be absent only once in the course of two years—and he is also a regular attendant at the French Protestant Church. I have invited him to attend a private meeting which is held weekly at my house for prayer and reading the Word, and for the exchange of spiritual thoughts.

D. ROBERT.

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## CONTRIBUTIONS

IN AID OF THE MISSION ARE RECEIVED BY THE TREASURERS AND BY

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